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THE BULLETINS WILL NOT APPEAR DURING THE HOLIDAYS. NEXT ISSUE WILL BE JANUARY 2, 1956.

SWISS CHILDREN DON GAY APPAREL—Each Region Has Its Holiday-Season Dress. Here, a "Queen of Christmas" Shares Throne with Boy in Andermatt Village Costume

(SEE PAGE 126)

GEORGE PICKOW FROM THREE LIONS

Horse racing is the national sport. The Mongol system of racing, however, uses eight- to ten-year-old jockeys, the smaller the better, and sends them off full tilt for 20 or 30 miles cross-country.

Outer Mongolia has seen many changes since the republic emerged in 1924 after the death of the Living Buddha of Urga. A recent British visitor to Ulan Bator, the capital, brought back photographs of a modern city of 100,000 inhabitants and white-columned government buildings.

Only one school existed in the entire country in 1924; there now are hundreds. Modern veterinary stations and hay-cutting cooperatives aid herdsmen. A wide-gauge railroad crosses Mongolia from Russia to China. Auto roads link Ulan Bator with the 18 Outer Mongolian provinces. There is air service from Soviet cities to the north.

From this land 750 years ago burst the greatest troublemaker in Asia's history. Temujin, Genghis Khan, having become supreme ruler of all Mongols in 1206, conquered an empire surpassing all others in history. It reached from the Yellow Sea to the Caspian Sea. Fantastic palaces rose at Karakorum, now a sand-covered ruin in the Gobi.

Mongol power eventually fell before the Ming dynasty in China, and Outer Mongolia split off. In 1691 it came under loose Manchu control, lasting until the Chinese revolution. Mongol revolutionaries followed the Bolshevik lead and in 1921 threw out the Chinese for the last time. Since 1924, the Mongolian Republic has been a Soviet satellite.

DON'T FENCE ME IN—Livestock Roams Free in Outer Mongolia, a Vast Range Grazing More Animals per Person Than Any Other Nation. Camel Carries Water Casks

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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WILLARD PRICE

TENT CITY, MONGOLIAN STYLE—Igloo-Shaped Yurts Rise Like Bubbles from Bleak Plains. Light Cloth Covers Summer Homes. Heavier Felt Wraps Them in Winter

Land of Genghis Khan Knocks at UN Door

The world had almost forgotten Outer Mongolia until it was included in the sweeping proposal to admit new members to the United Nations. Wild as its warrior history, cold as a Siberian blizzard, this land of Genghis Khan remains a remote pocket of the world, isolated from China by Gobi wastes.

The Mongolian People's Republic, back door between China and Soviet Russia, has been closed off from the outside world for 31 years. Very little is known of its life today, a strange mixture of nomads and modern cities, huge livestock herds and increasing literacy.

Both area and population are vague: an estimated 1,000,000 people in a vast indefinite tract of mountains, grasslands, and desert covering some 615,000 square miles.

Across their high wind-swept plateau, or steppe, most of the Mongolian Republic's people still live in tents. Inside their felt-covered yurts, fires burn smokily through winters that can go to 40° below. Bowlegged Mongol horsemen warm themselves from wooden bowls of hot kumiss, a rancid concoction of fermented mare's milk, tea, and salt.

Their short, shaggy-haired Mongolian ponies are fast and tough, at home equally in prairie, rock-topped mountains, and desert.

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The air age has brought changes to Malta—its location makes it a handy landing place for Europe-Asia air routes—but its people keep many links with the past.

Farming continues the chief occupation, supporting, directly or indirectly, about a quarter of the population. Olives, figs, and grapes have flourished in the mild climate for 30 centuries, but great scarcity of arable land is a major handicap. Scientific agriculture was introduced after World War I but most fields are too small for machinery. The Maltese farmer, a genius at taking advantage of every inch of precious soil, produces fruit, vegetables, or grain.

Malta's "Red Soil Law" requires anyone who builds a house to dig up the soil on the site and give it to the government so that it may not be covered and lost to cultivation. The government kindly carts it away to use for crops.

Factories processing crops for export are part of a postwar program for developing industries to offset Malta's lack of natural resources. Canned fruit, tomato paste, and oranges team with long-famed laces and filigree silver on the growing export lists. Island potters mold vases, jars, and dishes from local clay as the ancient Maltese did. Women have made a fine art of weaving delicate laces from home-grown cotton—which also supplied sailcloth for the ships of Nelson's fleet. Hand looms turn out gay fabrics for table cloths, blouses, and skirts. Flower and vegetable seeds are raised for United Kingdom farms and gardens.

MALTESE WOMEN WEAR PARASOLS
Stiffened Hoods of Their Black Faldettas Provide Shade from Malta's Dazzling Sun

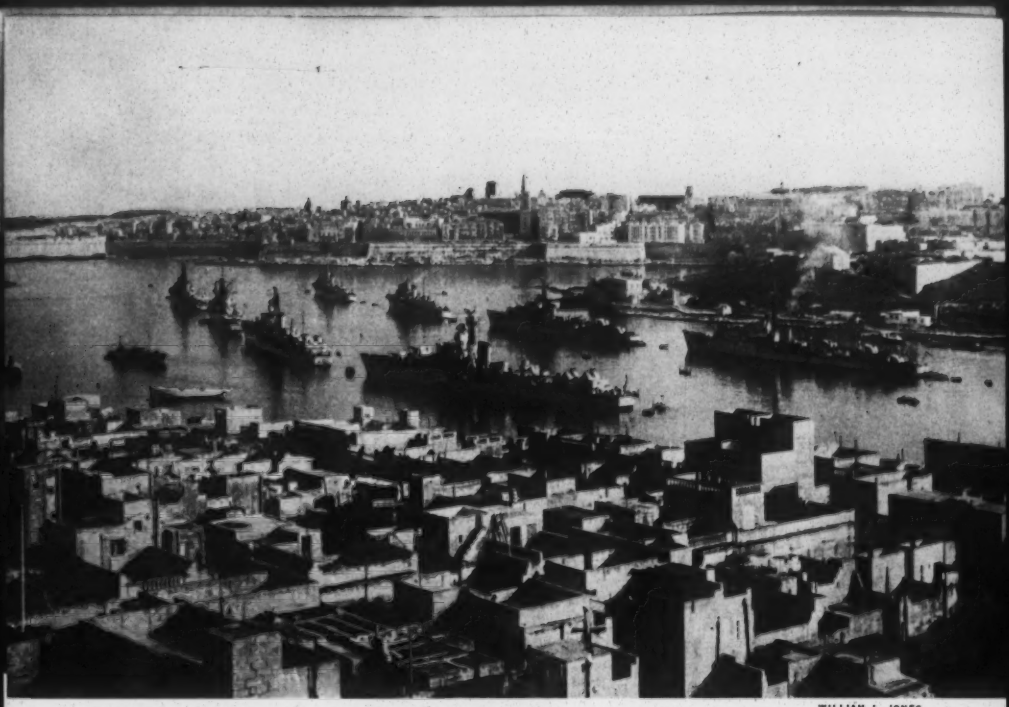
PASI FROM THREE LIONS

Island fishing fleets still bob and curtsy off Malta's coast, but their red sails have almost disappeared. Throbbing diesels drive the bigger boats, well-handled oars the smaller ones.

The number of goats on Malta equals the sum of all other livestock. Nearly 40,000 roam country pastures and city streets, menacing motor traffic. Iron-work gates bar them from the houses.

Queen Victoria's statue, prominent in a Malta square, withstood the crash of wartime bombs. Courageous islanders who sat out the raids with the unscathed statue, feel a new bond with Britain as their request for union shows.

National Geographic Magazine
Aug. 1940, "Wanderers Awheel in Malta" ($1.00)



WILLIAM J. JONES

MODERN WARSHIPS CLUSTER UNDER ANCIENT FORTS—Sliema Creek Separates Sliema (foreground) from Valletta, Defended from Turks by Knights of St. John

Malta Seeks Closer Bond with Britain

When a British Crown Colony "wants something" these days, it's usually independence. But rocky little Malta, Britain's island naval base in the Mediterranean, wants closer ties with the shrunken Empire. Malta has asked to become part of the United Kingdom.

Malta's heroic resistance during devastating World War II air raids won it the George Cross, Britain's highest civil award. Maltese feel they have earned a place in the inner circle of the Commonwealth family beside England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

Malta's commanding position in the Mediterranean makes it a British asset, whatever its status. The colony is actually three tiny islands—Comino, one mile square; Gozo, nine miles by four miles; and Malta, eight miles by 17 miles. On these seagirt dots, 320,000 Maltese manage to find a foothold. Basically Phoenician in ancestry, they are a friendly, swarthy people with a long history of conquest and siege.

The visitor, slipping into the harbor of Valletta, passes beneath the frowning walls of medieval bastions. These, with soaring cathedrals, churches, and splendid palaces, recall the islands' golden age—the two and a half centuries when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (sometimes called the Knights of Malta) ruled it and defended it from Moslem attacks.

Catacombs and passageways beneath the city have served as homes for the poor, supply depots, bomb shelters. Dotting the island are remains of prehistoric temples built long before the Roman reign of Nero, when St. Paul, shipwrecked on Malta, converted its people to Christianity.

EVANS FROM THREE LIONS

Christmas lights and Christmas crowds like those you might see in Chicago, Pittsburgh—or almost any American city—fill streets of Frankfurt, Germany (left), as last-minute shoppers scurry for gifts. Not far away, in Germany's Black Forest, revelers sometimes send a burning, straw-trimmed wheel spinning and sputtering down a snowy hill. If it burns all the way to the bottom, it heralds a merry Christmas.

In neighboring Switzerland, gleeful youngsters dance and sing around their tinseled tree (cover). They receive their Yuletide gifts on the Eve rather than on Christmas morning.

And far across the world, in warm Pacific isles, barefooted Hawaiians (above) hang shimmering icicles on the family Christmas tree.

Singing and waving, Dutch children line Amsterdam streets to join in the city's official welcome of *Sint Nicolaas* (right), whose name eventually became Santa Claus to American youngsters. He arrives on a white steed, flanked by an honor guard. His Moorish helper called *Zwarte Piet* bears switches for naughty children, presents for good ones.

Before they go off to bed on Sinterklaas Evening, hopeful Dutch boys and girls, like some of their Belgian neighbors, fill wooden shoes with food for Sinterklaas's horse and set them before the fireplace (below).

During the night, the jolly old visitor replaces carrots with candy and presents that delight young early risers next morning.

CAMERA CLIX; © NATIONAL FOTO PERSBUREAU

Christmas

Around the World

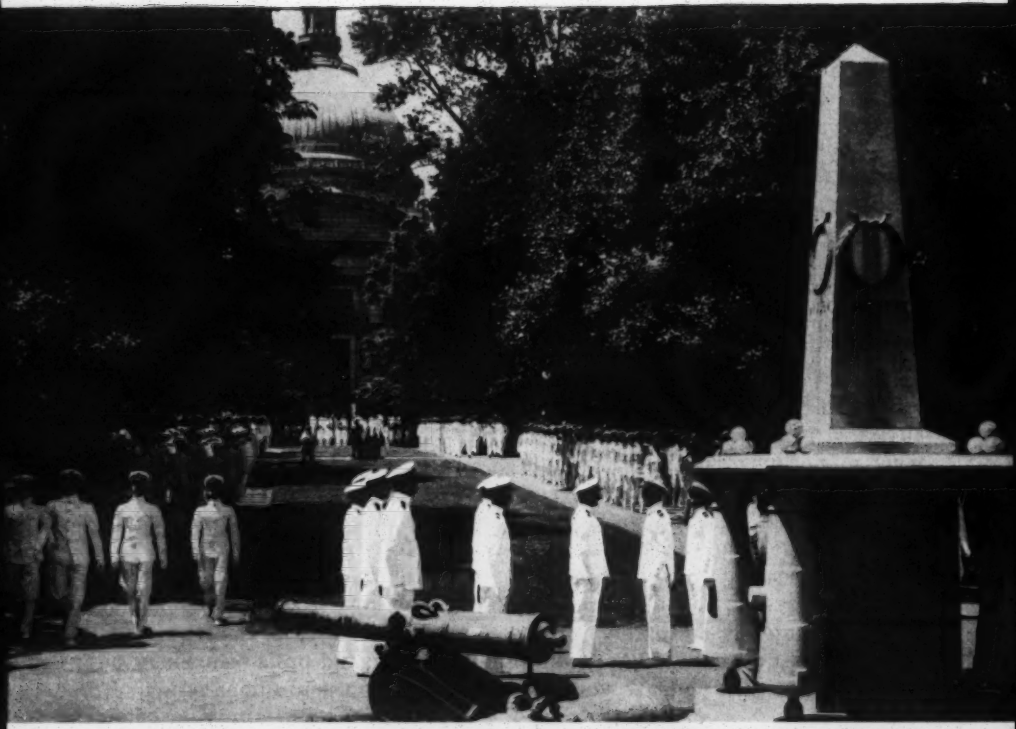
The warmth of Christmas, like the glowing hearth before a giant yule log, radiates through all the world.

Celebrations and dates may differ from one country to another, but reverent caroling, bright decorations, crowded stores and shops unite the Christian world during the year's most festive season.

Yule logs crackle inside vine-covered English cottages while soft carols ring clear in the crisp winter night. Soon choristers (left) will race for home to a holiday treat of rich plum pudding.

Thousands of miles away, a tempting piñata filled with candy and gifts dangles from the ceiling above wide-eyed Mexican boys and girls (lower left). Blindfolded celebrants swing at the piñata with a stick. When it breaks everybody scrambles for its contents.

REUTER PHOTOS LTD.; GEORGE PICKOW FROM THREE LIONS; © EDUARD RENNER



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON

UNIFORMS GLEAM UNDER OLD ANNAPOLIS TREES—In Front of the Chapel Middies Come to Attention Beside the Mexican War Memorial to the Academy's First Casualties

Service Academies—No. 2

Annapolis Upholds Navy's Highest Traditions

This year, Tecumseh expects to earn about $72. That rates as a pretty good income—for a statue.

As most admirals will tell you, Tecumseh stands on a path knifing through the rich lawns of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. The old bronze Indian is a reproduction of the U.S.S. *Delaware*'s figurehead. But generations of midshipmen have turned it into the god of 2.5—the Academy's passing grade. They toss pennies at it—a gesture of tribute and prayer—when they march to an exam. They repeat the ritual before the Army-Navy football game, adding war paint to Tecumseh's visage. It seems a safe guess that this year each of about 3,600 middies will bounce at least two pennies off the Indian's craggy features. And sharp-eyed youngsters of Annapolis will benefit accordingly.

Tecumseh hasn't adorned the Academy's 200-acre "yard" for all the 110 years that midshipmen have called it home. But if it could talk it might remark on some similarities in Annapolis life that recur every year.

Take newcomers, for example. Last summer more than 1,100 of them strolled through the Academy gates, wearing a variety of civilian clothes. They lined up in Memorial Hall to take the oath of allegiance. Before

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FROM A PAINTING BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ARTIST WALTER A. WEBER

Sleigh-Hauling Reindeer Make Annual Bow

At this time of year, reindeer like those above begin getting publicity. The reason, of course, is their aptitude for pulling sleighs—one sleigh in particular, weighted down with toys.

Since prehistoric times, hardy Lapps, nomadic tribesmen of northern Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia, have domesticated reindeer. Ear notches mark calves for each Lapp owner. At roundup time, lassos snake into herds as owners sort their beasts.

Reindeer milk is rich in fat; meat nourishes hungry Lapps. And for transportation the animal is hard to beat in the tundra country of Lapland. Broken to harness, stocky 300-pound reindeer can pull boatlike sleighs at a nine- or ten-mile-an-hour clip. They need no shelter or feed. In the bitterest depths of winter reindeer graze happily, pawing away snow or burrowing their muzzles into drifts to get at lichens. Thick coats keep them warm, splayed hooves serve as snowshoes. Even females boast antlers. Reindeer use them to drive each other from cleared patches where grazing is easy.

North America's version of the reindeer, the Barren Ground caribou, serves as similar staff of life for Canada's far-northern Eskimos. Hunters waylay migrating herds of gray-white wild caribou to secure food, clothing, and implements. One hide is enough to make two parkas and a pair of boots. Several pelts sewn together with caribou sinews furnish waterproof tents. Horns and hooves can be fashioned into tools.

A larger cousin, the woodland caribou, used to range as far south as Maine. Civilization drove it further north and threatened its survival, but strict game laws may have turned the tide.

National Geographic Magazine—July, 1949, "Lapland's Reindeer Roundup" (75¢)

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON

BRINE-DIPPED RING BRINGS LUCK
A "Drag" Follows Tradition by Dunking Her Date's Class Ring into Water from the Seven Seas on Which He Will Serve

four ticks after the fifth hour."

By now the Naval Academy's school year is well under way and Tecumseh is collecting pennies. The elusive 2.5 (perfect score is 4) demands full use of study periods which have been set aside from recitations, drills, and athletics in the midshipmen's 16-hour-day schedule.

John Paul Jones, colorful naval hero of the American Revolution, envisioned dockyard academies "to instruct the Officers of the Fleet when in Port in the Principles and Applications of the Mathematics, Drawing, Fencing and other Manly Arts and Accomplishments."

From colonial days, midshipmen had served with American warships, learning their business from hard-bitten salts like Jones himself who once logged the then unremarkable fact that he kicked one of his middies. In 1845, Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft got the Army's Fort Severn in Annapolis transferred to the Navy. On October 10 of that year some 50 midshipmen assembled at the fort—the Academy's first students.

The doughty Jones would goggle today not only at the Academy, far greater than he had pictured, but at the subjects that swim through a midshipman's brain. Mathematics, science, electrical and steam engineering, languages, history, English, are only a few of his "Accomplishments."

Some plebes will fall by the wayside as their first year progresses. But for the survivors, June Week means a promotion to the third class with welcome privileges. As "youngsters" they will embark on their first summer cruise, filling in beside enlisted personnel of two mighty battleships.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL GROSVENOR

FIRST CLASSMAN SHOOTS THE SUN
Wielding His Sextant, He Teams up with a Naval ROTC Man on the Final Cruise

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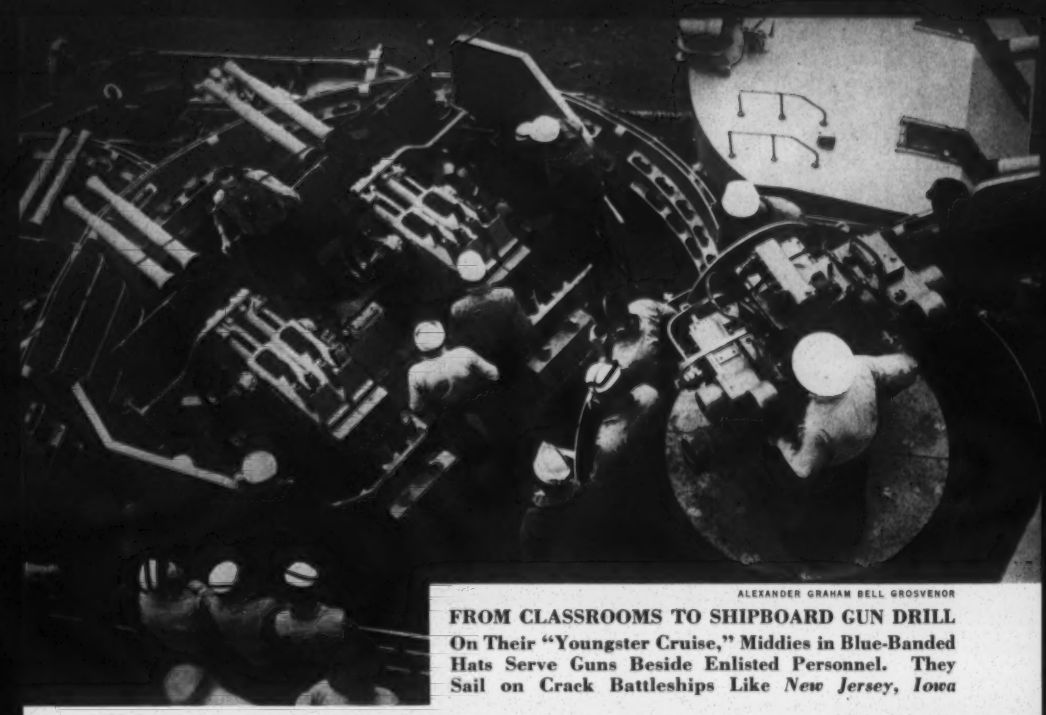

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL GROSVENOR

FROM CLASSROOMS TO SHIPBOARD GUN DRILL

On Their "Youngster Cruise," Middies in Blue-Banded Hats Serve Guns Beside Enlisted Personnel. They Sail on Crack Battleships Like *New Jersey*, *Iowa*

them hung a famous battle flag bearing the dying words of Captain James Lawrence when he was struck down aboard the frigate *Chesapeake* in the War of 1812: "Don't give up the ship." They stared at these words while their own pledge echoed in the great hall. Most of them got a few shivers along the spine—just as brand-new plebes always do.

These young men had nothing in common except their ability to pass the Academy's rigid physical exam and meet tough entrance requirements. They had arrived from all over the country, mostly by appointment from members of Congress and the President. One hundred and sixty of them were chosen from enlisted ranks of the regular Navy. Another 160 came from Navy and Marine Corps enlisted reservists. Some were appointed from specially honored schools and colleges. By special acts, Congress can open Academy gates to foreigners. Two Belgians attend now.

Tecumseh must have smiled at the magical transformation of such varied individuals into plebes—the Academy's fourth classmen. At the store they picked up stacks of regulation clothes and set about stenciling names—not just anywhere, but in exactly the right place.

They learned to say "Aye aye, sir" instead of "Okay," to call a floor a deck, to walk in the middle of passageways (corridors), keep clear of all paths and benches reserved for their betters, and run to all formations. They memorized the answers to upperclassmen's questions.

For example: "What time is it?"

"Sir, I am deeply embarrassed and greatly humiliated that due to unforeseen circumstances over which I have no control, the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of my chronometer are in such inaccord with the great sidereal movement with which time is commonly reckoned, that I cannot with any degree of accuracy state the exact time, sir. But without fear of being very far off, I will state that it is 32 minutes, 12 seconds,

AP FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

SOME 800 WHITE CAPS SOAR HIGH IN DAHLGREN HALL—Four Hard Years Have Ended. Half-Second-Old Ensigns Explode with the Joy of Achieving Their Goal

As second classmen, they split their cruise activities between carrier duty, land-based aviation, and amphibious field work with the Marine Corps. Finally, as they enter the lofty first class, the middies return to battleships for a final cruise. This time they take on duties they can expect to get as young ensigns after graduation—such as assistant navigator or junior turret officer.

By the time first classmen heave their caps into the air at June Week's graduation, they have shouldered so much responsibility at sea and at the Academy that they have turned into naval officers without realizing it. Annapolis traditions have washed over them, leaving other memories besides calculus and thermodynamics. They have found a new bond with men who sailed beside Farragut into Mobile Bay, with Dewey into Manila; with more recent heroes: Leahy, Nimitz, Halsey, Land, Radford (Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff), and Burke (Chief of Naval Operations).

Like their predecessors, the ensigns will remember "hops" (dances) and "drags" (dates) they led down Lovers' Lane. They will recall the joyful clang of Commodore Perry's Japanese Bell after victories over Army. The bell didn't ring this fall—Tecumseh's magic failing—but the old Indian will still be around next season collecting pennies and war paint.

National Geographic References: ***Magazine***—June, 1948, "Midshipmen's Cruise" (75¢)

Next in this series: The United States Coast Guard Academy

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